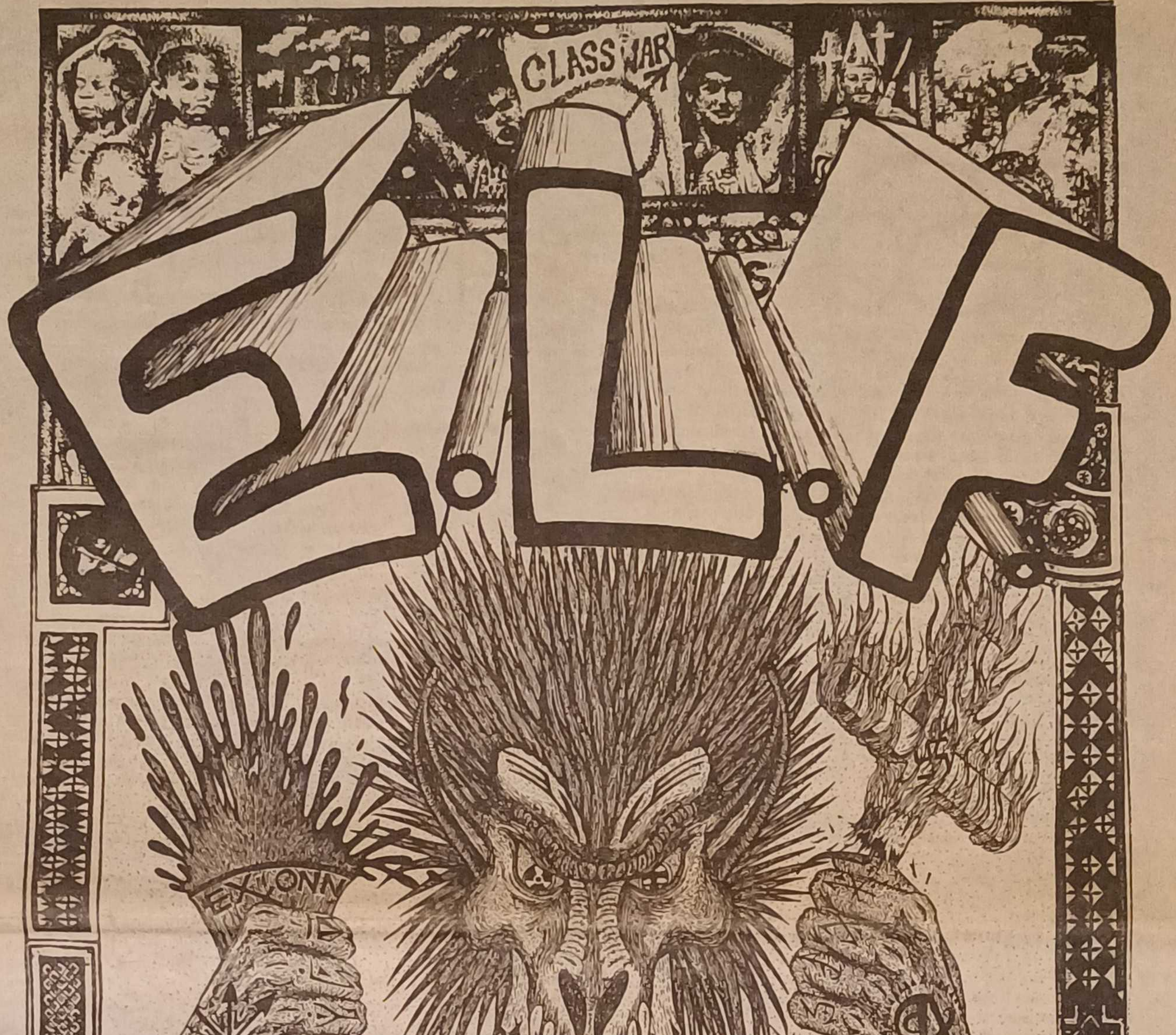

BOOKS TO PRISONERS • HISTORY OF GENOCIDE (PART 1) • SQUATTERS GUIDE • FOURTH OF JULY TV SMASHING IN BERKLEY • QUITTING SCHOOL • ANTI-IGNORANCE RALLY • INTERVIEW WITH CAUSE

The Song that NEVER ends

From Berkley to Tompkins Square, across Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, you name it, people are waking up to the whisperings of the spirit of Life. If you've heard it and know what I'm talking about, then hold on to what you know, because a time will come when someone will come along to try to take it away from you.

You've heard it said: "Government is the opium of the masses". Well, look around. New World corporate Fascism is just another term for government junkies, and just like opium addicts, they are deteriorating, fucking and sucking off everything; exploiting all life on earth, even all it's elements, fucken even the godamn atoms get fucked with. It's all a nuclear, pesticide/ petroleum-laced rose colored glass empire to lost Common Sence. Denial is evidenced by the increase in maximum security prisons and juvenile detention centers. These junkies glorify their police on TV, and create more and more laws narrowing their artificial utopia to just a chosen few who are willing to give up their free will, tow the line, and bow down to it all. Being all deaf and desensitized in their denial, they get off silencing those who refuse to partake of thier opium.

Meanwhile, the spirit of Life is crying out in the streets, and slipping through the keyholes and whispering to the prisoners. *It's singing* to us in our underground music, and we are talking with *it* in our sleep, and blurting *it* out in our spoken word. *It's* the Song That Never Ends, that cannot be faded or destroyed. Against the odds there are many who strive to take care of themselves, aspiring to a world in tune with the Song inside.

So, what are the lackeys fighting? If they denounce the Song as nothing, then why should they fight something that began as nothing and will find its way to more rediculousness? However, if what we stand for ends up to be really true, who are those who are fighting us really fighting? Are they fighting our pathetic skin and bones? Are they really only manipulating our minds? Or are they battling something very real and powerful, something powerful enough to defy logic and alter the course of history?

Long ago, this Song was whispered in Tongs amongst beards and capes, with nods and index fingers moving too and fro. However, today, in a world on the brink of catastrophe and annihilation, the Song is not so sacred and beautiful. *It's* an angry scream, *it's* a cry of desperation, with a whisper of hope. Soon *it* will show *itself* to be like the beast on the front cover of this zine. Can you hear *it* singing inside of you?

If you know what I'm talking about, understand and be motivated by *it*, and know what it feels like to have *it*, so you can tell when you are loosing *it*. Because, like I said before, there is a very real empire of those with lost Common Sense, and as every day ticks away you are its victim more and more.

But I am also telling you, you are not alone.

Meanwhile, the nuclear arsenals begin to rust and malfunction, and somewhere in an unlogged forest a branch falls with no one to hear it. It's Saturday morning, October 15th 7am, and cartoons are on. Get up and go open a window, and scream. Ya! Why not? Fucken, wake up the neighborhood, wake up this complacent world full of dumb shits on the brink of their own self-inflicted annihilation! Scream with all you Life's spirit! Scream "REVOLUTION OR ANNIHILATION!!!!"

Welcome to E.L.F.!

This ish deals with prisons and breaking free of prisons. Prison is a word to describe things as new as maximum security prisons and the rising cost of living, to the various institutions that exploit our vitality. Prison ultimately describes something as long as this dominance-run, war torn history of mankind. As long as one individual in humanity is imprisoned, no one is free. Don't underestimate the will to survive! Far from just unloading a load of doom and hopelessness, this zine will hopefully give you inspiration, and working solutions for individually becoming free of the slavery of this society. Likewise, if you have lived through a challenge or took a stand, or organized to resist, or found a working solution, let everyone know! Write in! Your voice is valuable. Ishue #2 will come out whenever we compile enough shit to print. We especially incourage replies from the homeless, backwoods dwellers and traveler/trainhopping folk. Send in Poetry, articles, stories. We are really jonesing for artists! Send in cool pictures and articles you dug in other zines. Also, if anyone's traveling soon to Europe, write in! I'll be heading east soon and be in London for "Anarchy In The U.K.'94"!! Don't forget, at the same time there's the Leonard Peltier rally at the Canadian boarder. So in November we'll all get together and build a bon fire and get high and tribal drum Somewhere and talk about our great summer of '94 as it fades to memory. Punk is Love!

World Breakdown

living in a world full of hate
Fighting wars everyday
Tired of all this government shit
Taking the poor to feed the rich

The common man has no right
trained to serve brought up with lies
and made to say everything alright
but not knowing wrong/right

Buddy tanks to kill us off
all those who don't agree
fucked system
smash the oppression

Revolution, Revolution, Revolution
take back our sanity for all these sorts
its the only solution
Fuck their bureaucracy and destroy the system

I won't kill for this country
won't shed blood in another
Inocent people die eventually
cause the government think that way

100% D.I.Y.100% !!PRODUCTION!!

Erisian- A Greek word for an individual whose thoughts and actions are motivated by the natural forces of CHAOS.

Liberation- The thing that happens in the void of NO dominance or oppression.

Front- a voice, a catalyst, like a circus ringperson for the circus of Life.

Copyright Policy: PLAGIARISM=SHARING Copy & distro anything you happened to think worth it. You can write in and criticize everything you thought was lame, or better yet just try doing yer own zine. Look, I don't have a job, and I bartered to use a friends computer to type. Cut and paste is just the cheese, reminds me of kindegarden. If the idea of doing your own zine sounds exciting, then what are you waiting for? Just promise to send me a copy, alrighty?

Disclaimer for the lackeys: Everything in these pages are the views of named or anonymous writers. Don't ASSume we know the anonymous writers. The elves here won't print anything that encourages breaking the most precious laws of the land unless it's sent to us anonymously. And as for what gets printed, it's for informational and entertaining values and not necessarily to advocate the views or actions described. Don't persecute journalists who dare report news and opinions that others like you would rather close your eyes to.

Advertising: If your business is really hip and dedicated to supporting underground economy and culture, then contact us! We will always run free ads for other non-profit organizations. We're recycling bottles and cardboard to pay for this zine.

"Hey, man, gotta smoke?" -*K. Read*

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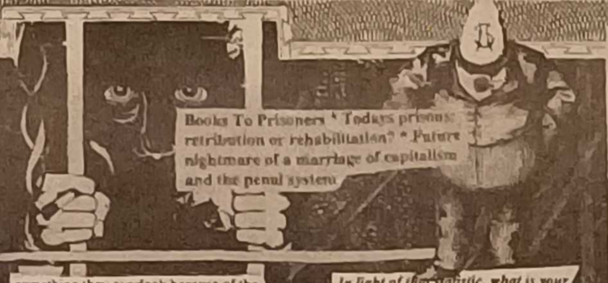


PRISONS

It is not only vain, but wicked, in a legislator to frame laws in opposition to the laws of nature, and to arm them with the terrors of death. This is truly creating crimes in order to punish them. The law of nature impels every one to escape from confinement; it should not, therefore, be subjected to punishment.

—Thomas Jefferson

An interview with Michael Lee of BTP by Michael Przystas

-Where and how did BTP begin?

BTP is approximately 13 years old now. It was started as a project of Left Bank Bookshop Collective. Anarchist people have a history of supporting our prisoners, for example, captured as part of New Africa Liberation Army. Things of that nature. BTP is actually an extension of our Anarchist tradition of supporting these prisoners... Left Bank pays the rent on the space we use. Only part of the space is actually used for BTP. The front half is for the reading room, one of the largest radical libraries I've ever seen. One of the things that impressed me was the category on Ireland, and the war that's going on out there. They have probably every book that's been written that's worth reading.

-How many volunteers work on BTP, and how are you meeting the requests from the inmates?

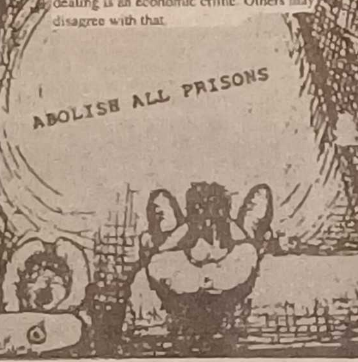
Basically, what we consider to be a hard-core group of about ten people. What impressed me the best about working with BTP is that the people that I've worked with over the last couple of months, is that there has been people that have worked on this project 5 to 6 years... We're up to like nearly 700 requests, and two months ago, actually, it was less than 500. So, within the last two months we've nearly doubled the amount of requests. This is an all volunteer organization where no one gets paid. All the money basically goes to postage costs. We're running at about a month and a half behind. We're dealing with an immediacy type thing; people need material immediately. You try to get it to them as quickly as possible, but it's just not doable, because we just don't have the resources. We definitely don't have the books we need...

-What's your most requested books, and what roadblocks do you face getting them to inmates?

Black History. Anything by African writers. African revolutionary politics, Black Panther stuff. Dictionaries. Other requests have to do with legal materials, because of the nature of prisons and the supposed justice system there are a lot of people that are in prison because they didn't have money to get proper representation. Once they're inside they realize that they can only Do It Themselves. They're attempting to educate themselves about their own circumstances, their rights within the prisons. So a lot of people are requesting legal dictionaries. One person asked for the 1938 Declaration of Human Rights when it comes to prisons, that definite section. A third area that we are getting more and more requests for is basic educational material. You would think that prisons would have societies best interests to provide material to give prisoners the opportunity to find another direction in their life. It's amazing to me that they don't provide that. Prisoners come to us and ask for basic things like a math book. I answered a letter the other day, someone didn't know how to add and subtract. He had a forth grade education. And we wonder why people are in prisons! It's partly because of the educational system and because of the nature of capitalism that they are in prison. Once they're there it's very much of a retribution thing. The thing about the rehabilitative nature of prisons is so bogus I can't believe it! *There is no rehabilitation!!* It's an [institution of the] denial of peoples basic human rights... When penitentiaries were created, they were suppose to be the idea from the Quakers. A lot of the restrictions are very arbitrary. For instance, we could mail something to a prison that we've been mailing to for years, and suddenly get a package kicked back to us. A good example of that is just recently in Illinois, a control unit prison, sends us a letter asking us why we were continually sending packages. Well, it's pretty obvious once they open up the packages that they are packages of books! That's the kind of mentality we're dealing with. Something that's very simple, and very obvious, something they overlook because of the fact of the matter is their mentality is about control. If it's not something that they can control, and that they can dictate to, where they make the rules, then they feel really lost and everything. They want to make sure they have some sort of choke hold on us. Just this morning, I picked up some stuff [kicked back] from Imperial California saying we're an "unauthorized vender". What the hell is that? Were not even selling anything! We're providing educational reading material to prisoners, and how you can deny a book to anyone to me is fascist! People should remember Hitler and Stalin. The first thing that they did was make sure that certain types of books didn't get into the hands of people. Well, that's how I personally look at the prison authorities when I read a letter from an inmate full of hope and desperation and we get something to send that person, and it's gets kicked back. It's like, I don't know what's happening.

People don't seem to understand the nature of the judicial/penal system here in Amerikkka, and they need to get educated about what's happening. This country is building more prisons. The type of prisons they are now building are Control Unit prisons. They are called control unit prisons because of the fact that people are stuck into these 6x8 cells. They're concrete, no natural light, no windows, and they keep these people locked up in there 23 1/2 hours a day, day after day, month after month, year after year. In order to maintain that control and sense of isolation they break peoples spirits. That's exactly what they are attempting to do, torture people and break their spirits so they become nice little robots, and they don't want thinking people in there. In order to maintain that type of control, I perceive personally, that eventually what will happen is that prisons will start to adopt a policy of no outside material, and they will do it citing security measures.

The governments own statistics are that 70% are in jail for economic crimes. That includes drug dealing. Drug dealing is an economic crime. Others may disagree with that.



-In light of that statistic, what is your stand on the use of prison labor in American capitalism?

My personal understanding, and my personal opinion only, is that prisons are becoming the new work houses of the 90's. They are the new ghettos. If you look at the society we live in right now to this day, we live in a profit motivated society where labor is sold. You go to work everyday, why? To sell your labor, to sell your body, your ability to work for a wage, so that you could pay some other rich person to live in a house or to buy groceries. Now, when you cannot do that, like, if you are denied the ability to work, based on race, politics, the way you look, and based on the very nature of capitalism that has to have a continual unemployed army so that they can drive down wages, what do you do? There's a lever against those that are unemployed... The war on drugs is a racist war, aimed at black people who have no other way to survive than to deal drugs, and do things that are considered so called anti-social. It's not anti-social, it's anti-capital! Capital says that you have to go to Ford Motor company and sell your labor. But if Ford Motor company doesn't want you labor, you can't sell it. What are you going to do when you have kids, when you need to eat, when your kids need to eat, the last thing anyone wants to do is steal. That's not within human nature to go out and steal. That's what I personally believe, that we are forced by this for profit society to go out and steal.

-What are prison wages?

There is no wages in Texas! Under the 13th Amendment of the Constitution that everybody praises and fights about, prisoners are actually and illegally slaves! They don't have to give them a wage in Texas. Yes, they are able to work, get housing and shelter, which is, for some people more than they would get on the outside. The thing of it is, when you pay someone an average [prison] wage of 23 cents an hour to create, for instance, licence plates, instead of paying someone $22 an hour. That's a lot of surplus value, profit that the ruling class puts into their pocket. It's very profitable to keep building prisons.

-Are there any private corporations using prison labor to make products?

Oh, absolutely! UNICOR is the largest private employer. I know American Friends Service committee has done a study of UNICOR and what type of products they've been creating. Hopefully, we'll start getting that information back. To my knowledge, there's not been a report done in several years about the nature of prison labor. I think that's one of the things that like needs to happen as far as an education process. People need to look this up and figure out exactly what is being made, and what is being paid the prisoners.

-Has corporate interest in prison labor extended to their actual funding of prison construction?

I think that's what eventually what's going to happen. Right now they're being funded by tax dollars. But, I think, eventually, if we continue to look at the growing potential of prisons as a business -if we look at prisons not as a way to isolate so called criminals, if we put that aside- and look at prison as an institution of commerce, as part of a production process, then our whole attitude toward prisons radically changes. If we see it as the new employer of the 21st Century, a poor, Black, Latino, Asian, 3rd world people, then our attitude toward prisons radically changes. We can no longer put out this argument that prisons are good for society. It's not good for society! It's good for 2% of the rich people who are going to take all that profit and pay more police to throw more people into jail, so they could make more profit off of it. There's a lot of difference between paying 29 cents hr. to paying $29 hr. There's a huge profit in prisons!

-Would you say it's getting easier to get put into prison than it was say 10 years ago?

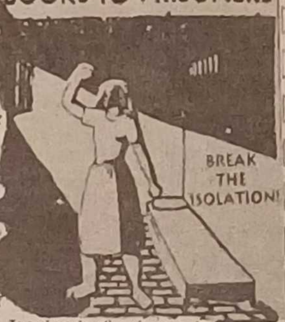
Definitely much easier. We have more police on the street. Clinton's talking about putting 100,000 more police on the street. People are going to jail more because it's getting easier.

In representative democracy, these people are suppose to be doing what's in our best interest. It's the 2% of the people in this country that are trying to protect their private property that decide that folks deserve to go to jail. But they will not deal with the root causes of why people find it necessary to go out and steal. That's why I believe prisons are becoming the new employer of the 21st Century. California just voted in a billion dollars to prison construction, and they already talk as if the prisons are filled before they're built! There's got to be an alternative. If you decide to build a 500 unit prison and before it's finished it's already full, well, that means your solution isn't working! You have to be creative and figure out something else. You can't keep building prisons forever. What are you going to do, throw everybody into prison? That will create a new industry. Are we willing to let this happen? Meanwhile, we throw somebody into jail for stealing $72, and he's going to do life because of the "3 strikes" law. Who the hell decided that?

-What can someone reading this interview personally do to change things?

The first step is to individually decide that no more prisons should be built. They will do what ever it takes that no more prisons will be built. That they will withhold their tax dollars, that they will go out and picket the state government. They will do anything by any means possible to keep prisons from being built. That's where it starts from. People have to decide that, if they are against prisons, they need to take the second step and start to talk about abolishing prisons, and creating a society that is more economically just.

BOOKS TO PRISONERS



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History of Genocide

The history of capitalism is a history of genocide. For in capitalism, genocide is not the exception but the rule. It is odd that when referring to the extermination of Jews by the nazis, historians refer to the holocaust. The history of capital development is simply one holocaust after another.

During the slave trade over 100 million African bodies were dumped into the Atlantic Ocean. Huge areas of the African continent were depopulated and decimated. This was followed by the second punch of colonialization.

On the American continents, an extermination campaign against the indigenous peoples was launched so effectively only remnants of the people and their culture remain today, and these are forced onto poverty stricken reservations. Indeed, so successful was this campaign the predominant image the children of the original colonisers are left with is one group of people, the "Indians", a vicious, savage tribe who rode the plains hunting buffalo and white folks scalps. And who somewhere along the line just ceased to be.

For the conquering and colonizing of the United States, there was not one small group of "Indians" killed, but over 300 individual societies, each with an unique and distinct culture...

The reality is that 500 years ago there were over 300 distinct languages, some with as many as 26 dialects, in use in what now constitutes the continental United States. For the conquering and colonizing of the United States there was not one small group of "Indians" killed, but over 300 individual societies, each with an unique and distinct culture as varied as England and China, over 300 nations, consisting of millions and millions of people, decimated, annihilated. This was within the United States alone; from the north of Canada to the south of Chile this was a pattern repeated over and over. The level and intensity of the genocide in the Americas is almost unfathomable. Cultures which had developed over thousands of years gone, every trace wiped out. Against what remains of these indigenous cultures and people, the genocide campaign continues to this day.

This genocide followed on the heels of the European crusades and inquisition. This centuries long terror campaign of land grabs and concentration and centralization of power and wealth by the Catholic church laid the groundwork for what was to follow: capitalism, industrialism, and, eventually, the corporate state. Jews, Muslims, pagans, autonomous communities, and any others who opposed the fuedalist dictates of the Catholic church and the wealthy power-brokers within it were crushed.

Fuedalism was a domination of land-based society. Under the church, fuedalism was greatly extended, consolidated and concentrated. Lands were conquered and controlled under the auspices of bringing them under the control of god. While bringing areas under control of the church, great amounts of wealth were also amassed, which was all good -- the more power and wealth the church rulers had, the more they could force others under the will of god, and so forth in a continual cycle.

As lands were brought under fuedalist control, royalty was born. The establishment of nobility was simply the forced acceptance of authority and inequality, but disguised as the

Although most historians and economists would have us believe feudalism died with the birth of capitalism...feudalism never died, but rather metamorphasized into capitalism...

will of god. A king rules because it is the will of god; if one opposes the king, one opposes god, and is killed. When enough have been killed and suppressed the word becomes law. After a few generations the necessity of survival often causes the culture of fear to become one of acceptance, and the law becomes truth. This "truth" even those most oppressed by it will often defend with their lives from heretics.

Once a large amount of control was gained within Europe, the tentacles of fuedalist power spread slowly outward. Although most historians and economists would have us believe feudalism died with the birth of capitalism, this is not the case. Feudalism never died, but rather metamorphasized into capitalism. A caterpiller does not die for a butterfly to live. The caterpiller becomes the butterfly. The butterfly is the caterpiller in a different stage.

As trade increased with the East, and especially after the colonization of the "new world", a new merchant trader class began to emerge, gaining power autonomous of the church. When all wealth was land-based, The church ultimately controlled all property, granting it to fuedal lords, kings, dukes, etc. But trade required wealth to be extracted from lands far away and often outside of church authority, then be funneled back to the church. This gave the merchant power to keep, steal, and demand wealth outside church control.

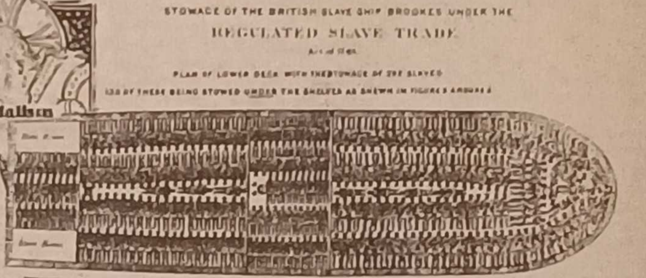
With enormous amounts of wealth and resources pouring into Europe, the centralized power mechanisms began to be used for another creation: capitalist industrial production. The industrialist class, or capitalists, were very quickly to usurp power from church and oligarchy, by using their growing control over wealth and resources to drive serfs into cities, thus creating a production-based society.

Just as the the church and feudal lords had used their power to force their mandates to be accepted as law, so capitalists now gathered power until their dictates, of private property and capital development, became law... and ultimately truth. It was right that they should hold all the wealth and control all the resources in society because they had the wealth, resources and power to say so.

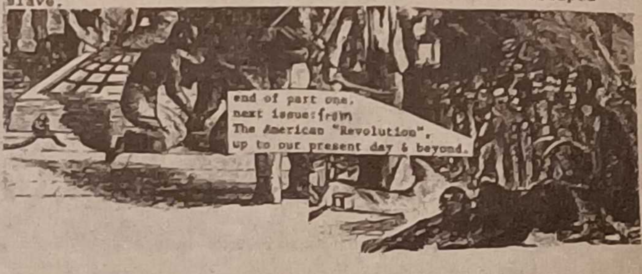
The oligarchy became obsolete. The vast majority of Europeans, the serfs, who had been agricultural feudalist slaves before metamorphasized into industrial feudalist slaves -- remaining slaves nonetheless.

Spilling out of the confines of Europe with the most incredible and constant genocide campaigns ever enacted, the world fell under the realm of Western conquest and capitalism. Into Africa, India, Asia, the South Pacific, and the Americas stormed the bludgeoning troops and greed-driven traders: First under the auspices of god, then the rule of progress and prosperity, but always for the love of money. And everywhere they went they brought deceit, destruction, and death.

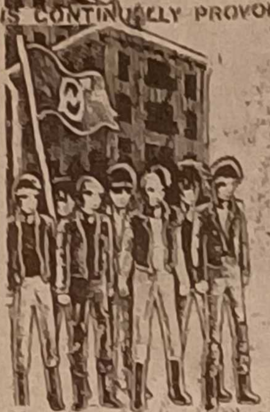
Out of this was born America. The Thirteen Colonies were an area dominated by wealthy plantation owners (all of whom held large amounts of slaves), rich merchants (many of whom made their money of the slave trade), and the Puritan Christians, a Protestant evangelical splinter so fanatic and domineering even the ultra-conservative Church of England could not tolerate them. Thus the Puritans came to the "new world" to wrest the land from the "godless heathens" (the indigenous people) and create a land for god's "chosen ones" (they themselves). Although claiming to flee religious persecution, they themselves were rabidly intolerant of other religious viewpoints, and while in England would carry out physical attacks upon those who did not agree with their fanatical views and those whom they considered to be living in sin. Once in America they would continue to beat, burn, hang, stone, and imprison those who did not agree with their views and conform to their lifestyles.



Many of the Europeans coming to the Thirteen Colonies came as indentured servants -- slaves for a period of three to fifteen years. Many indentured servants were persons who exchanged servitude for passage to the colonies. But very often they were children, sold into slavery by their parents or the thriving kidnappers market. Many too were debt prisoners, forced to serve in the colonies to pay off their debts in England. The Americas were a thriving market for slaves of any type. After completing their period of servitude, many indentured servants continued working for subsistence, remaining in a position much the same as before they were freed. The penalties for an escaped indentured servant were generally the same as for an escaped slave.



AND LET ALL MEN SAY WHAT THEY WILL, SO LONG AS SUCH RULERS AS CALL THE LAND THEIRS, UPHOLDING THIS PARTICULAR PROPERTY OF MINE AND THINE, THE COMMON PEOPLE SHALL NEVER HAVE THEIR LIBERTY, NOR THE LAND BE FREED FROM TROUBLES, OPPRESSIONS AND COMPLAININGS BY REASON THEREOF THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS IS CONTINUALLY PROVOKED.



Is paying rent getting you down? Or the fear of eviction or rent hikes? Or maybe Joe Diamond wants to put a parking lot where your home is? Or maybe you can't afford a room anywhere? Well, you have some options. You can live on the streets and under the viaducts. You can stay in a shelter with 800 other people and their noise and smells and scabies and religious sermons. You could live in a car, or in a tent, or a cardboard box, or impose yourself on your friends.

Other more creative and lawless ideas are squatting — or homesteading in abandoned housing. No official procedures are in place for turning abandoned housing yet in Seattle and Spokane, although a few homesteads do exist. Homesteading is a form of collectively owned housing and requires a certain amount of money and responsibility. Squatting requires as much or as little as you want to put into it. Squatters in Seattle and Spokane have no legal rights yet. But fortunately the keepers of laws here are not as aware about squatting as they are in other cities, so the less public you are about your squat, the longer it is likely to last. Public squatting attempts such as the Gatewood Hotel Occupation, The Mckay Occupation and the Arion Court Occupation were wonderful public confrontations of irresponsible slumlords and got a lot of people together and riled up, but each ended in less than a week when the crude and uncaring agents of the state forcibly evicted the new tenants. It has been my experience that squats in low income neighborhoods last longer, especially if you keep it kinda quiet. Both kinds of occupations are important, since the former brings the attention to the issue of housing and squatting, while the other is more likely to provide actual housing.

The best neighborhoods to squat in Seattle are in the central district, and in the Rainer Valley. These are the most ethnically diverse parts of town, and sometimes a lot of racial tension floating around. But these neighborhoods are filled with abandoned homes, sometimes whole blocks of them. You are more likely to find support here since abandoned homes are known to attract arson, drugs and vandalism which will bring down the property value, something property owners are very concerned about. And theoretically by squatting in a house you are helping to preserve it, although in reality this is not usually the case.

[this is a reprint of an anonymously written street brochure]

SO, HOW DO I DO IT YOU MAY ASK. Well, here's the advise of one who is still learning. First, pick a neighborhood that suits you and grid it for abandoned houses, or maybe you have an abandoned house in mind. Do a little research. Look in the house, go in if you can (wonder bars often come in handy in this situation). Some houses will be completely trashed, or boarded up, some will be in fairly good condition. Always be really conscious of the neighbors. Are they watching you? It's best not to be seen first. Nighttime is a good time to explore a house in detail. More exciting too. But remember, be quiet, bring a flashlight, a wonderbar, a screwdriver, a light bulb, and anything that helps you to not be scared. This is actually considered, so be careful. To get into the house, try broken windows, open doors or open windows. Or you can try picking a lock or removing a lock, or pry off some boards from a door or a window. It is usually not too hard to get in, and you'll find that you're probably not the first to explore the house. In fact, you may find that someone is already squatting the house, in which case you might not want to use that house. If a house is really well secured and the yard has been kept up then someone is probably keeping an eye on the house which means you'll probably get busted right away.

Here's what to look for in a house: Survey the general layout and visibility from the streets. Does it meet your needs? How trashed is it? How much work is needed to make it secure and livable? Are any utilities on? Check water, gas, and electricity. Water is easiest to pirate, but how about the pipes? Are there any appliances? Look for toilets, fridge, stove. How many windows are broken? How many doors, are there on the first floor and are they secure? Most importantly, how does it feel to you, and how freaked-out are you about being there? The first time you do this it'll be pretty exciting and scary and you'll probably forget most of this, but just try to do it quickly and quietly.

The Neighbors: It's a good idea to communicate with them in some way. They may be suspicious of you, so it's good to be open and honest, but it's also good to tell them what you think they want to hear. Ask them questions. You can say you are doing research on abandoned houses and why and who owns it. How do they feel about the house being abandoned, and would they rather have someone living there. Try to find common ground. You'll get some of your best info from the neighbors, especially the older folks. This is also a good way to find out if you like the neighborhood. At some point you will have to decide what to tell them. You can always say that you are moving in and are going to be fixing up the house. You don't have to tell them that you are squatting. If you are too friendly they will get suspicious, so don't ask their permission. Some people have been really cool about it and we were able to be totally honest with them. They were very supportive and let us use their telephone. Other people called the cops on us immediately, and we had to sneak in and out of the house so that they wouldn't know.

Legal research: If you want to you can find out who owns the house, how much it's worth and if there are any back taxes or foreclosures or court disputes on the house. This is all public info and is available downtown Seattle at the King county administration building. In Spokane you can call 456-4793. The exact details of how to do all that red tape garbage is in the index, but the main thing to know is that the more red tape the house is tied up in the better it is for squatting, because it will take forever to untie all that tape. Sometimes it will be confusing enough that nobody will know exactly who owns the house, such is the case with multiple foreclosures. This is really great for a squatter because the police need an order from the owner in order to evict you, and if they can't figure who owns the house, then there is no one to give orders!

The Owner: If you do find out who the owner is, you also have her or his address and a list of how many properties they own. Are they a slum lord? Do they need to be hassled? But even more importantly to you, do they live far away? The farther away the better. Do you want to contact them? My general rule is that if you don't want to pay rent, don't contact the owner. Once they know people are interested in the house they will want to fix it up and charge money. It kinda depends though, because some people have been able to swing deals with owners by talking them into letting you be a caretaker. So, many decisions to make.

Moving In: The first thing you'll want to do is to secure the house. The easiest way to do this is to just be there. It's a good idea to get enough people together to live in your squat, so that someone will always be there (or maybe two people if you get scared). Once you've established a presence and start to feel at home there you might feel comfortable leaving the house alone.

Doors: In terms of more immediate security, the first thing to work on is securing the doors, locks and street level windows. If the doors already work great. If there is no doors, or if they don't work well you can salvage door or make them. You might want to get a book from the library on home improvement for tips on hanging doors, locks and general information. It's a good idea to have locking doors. If there are already locks on the doors you can take out the tumbler and get keys made, or change the tumbler, or get a new lock. This will cost 10-15 bucks, but maybe you can scavenge a lock from a locksmiths dumpster or a construction sight or a friends junk pile, or another empty house. It's a good idea to change the lock so that the owner can't get in if they come by. You can also devise your own ingenious locking method made out of whatever you have laying around. You have at least one working door, but it's better to have two for fire safety and quick escapes.

Windows: Hopefully not all of them will be broken. Sometimes you can take off the boards to find the windows intact. If they're broken, you can use plastic or scavenge windows to put in. You can even buy glass sheets, cut it yourself and install new windows. This is a bit of an investment, but it will make you look really good to the neighbors. It's also nice to have real windows. If the house is boarded up tight and you don't mind the darkness, you can just leave it that way and be really secure.

Once you have the house secure you can get to work on the utilities. If you like you can call the utility companies and have them turn the utilities on for you, and then you will be expected to pay for them. It's wise to use a fictitious name. Or, you can turn them on yourself and get it for free. Of course this is not legal and you could get in big bad trouble.

Water: This is the easiest utility to pirate and you are less likely to get caught than with gas or electricity. Make sure your pipes are in good shape before turning on the water. Then look at the planting strip by your sidewalk. See a metal plate? Now look around to see if anyone is watching you. It's best to do this at a time when you won't be seen, or try to look like you work for the water company. Pick up the metal plate. There could be a meter there, but probably the water company will have taken it when they turned the water off. If the water is on, you can take out the meter so they won't know that you are using the water. There will be two spikets and the on/off valve. Measure the pipe dimensions across the diameter of the opening and the length you need. Get two connectors that are threaded on one end, and shaped for connecting flexible hose on the other, make sure to get hose clamps, and rubber washers. It all shouldn't cost more than $5 at Eagles. You will also need two wrenches and a screw driver, and a flashlight since you'll probably be doing this at night. This job can be done quickly and smoothly with two people. Hopefully it won't leak! Go run into the house to make sure there isn't any leaks there either. When all seems fine and dandy, bury the hose under a few inches of dirt and replace the metal plate.

FOR SURELY THIS PARTICULAR PROPERTY OF MINE AND THINE HATH BROUGHT IN ALL MISERY UPON PEOPLE. FOR FIRST, IT HATH OCCASIONED PEOPLE TO STEAL ONE FROM ANOTHER. SECONDLY, IT HATH MADE LAWS TO HANG THOSE THAT DID STEAL. IT TEMPTS PEOPLE TO DO AN EVIL ACTION AND THEN KILLS THEM FOR DOING IT. LET ALL JUDGE IF THIS NOT BE A GREAT DEVIL.

DIGGERS MOVEMENT - 1649

LOCAL SUMMER NEWS

I did'nt write about a lot of great shows this summer at the piccadilly, Grange or thhe bark. There's a good amount of local talent to read about in future issues, not to mention the traveling bands thatsomehow found out Spokane existed. What you see on this page is just a tip of the iceberg, so stay tuned, or better yet, write some reviews, and go do some interviews. Then do a zine or mail it to this one. that would rule! K.

SOLSTICE CAMPOUT

I've put bombs here into three categories. One: The real ones like our Amerikkkan government makes to actually blow up and kill and destroy. Two: Paper bombs that are in the form of words and/or pictures that cause fear and generally giddy situations. It's our 3rd Amendment rights pushed to the extreme as a defense to oppression, OR just created to blow off frustrating emotions. Then, three: Those D.I.Y. (do it yourself) explosions that create wonderful celebrations! Ya! We're talking about the **Summer Solstice Campout** on June 21st, in that distant canyon.

Where do I begin? If anything, the situation with the Lincoln County Sheriff Dept. added to the feeling of adventure for the 30 or so that caravanned out miles from civilization. Upon arrival we were all videotaped by deputies. Feeling weird, like we were just raped or something, we went right up to the Felini's and introduced ourselves, hoping to dispel the misunderstanding created by a flier for the campout, made by someone who never even came out there that night. Spokane, and Lincoln County officials thought it was an invitation to some Aryan Nation terrorist rally! We wished our flyer maker friend was there, since none of us really cared to stand behind the flyer, being of the mindset to just rock out the afternoon, completely carefree. And that we did! In my eyes it went perfect. The crowd was for real, seeming to carry on magically in one mind. This was pure D.I.Y.! Thanks to Mary & Tim for the fabulous dumpster dived vegan food. They worked so hard they crashed way before dark! **CAUSE** battled the intense hot afternoon sun and set us all free to swim in sweat and the mounting excitement, with songs like "Common Ground": "Find strength through unity/ Make this country liberty/ together for a common ground/ Revolution is where we're bound!" And in "This Is My Life": "This is my life/ wrong or it's right/ but everyone's saying I'm going to lose.../Success is a little word used by the Mass/ to make me bow down and kiss their ass!" **THAT ONE BAND!** tested the rickety stage built last minute of scrap. All the birds sat in distant trees listening to the fiddle and feedback, wondering Whoa - what kind of crazy birds are in the neighborhood? The chaos of intermingling individuality blasting from amps was full of messages and real fun. It all came abruptly to an unfortunate end when the generator ran out of gas. At that, the celebration turned unplugged with **MATT KELLY** on Charles' guitar singing "Stupid People!" and other favorite originals.

You know, I don't really think it would be possible to really tell you what it was really like that night, since everyone will have their own unique story to tell. I think nearly everyone did hill climbing, forming their own expeditions. The five of us climbed until the celebrators below were little dots and we met the sunset in an overpowering orange I'll never forget. We Imagined what it would be like to fly back down with wings. Back below everyone made a campfire and roasted tofu weaners and created a tent village, and cozied in sleeping bags. Everyone tells me they had some genuine conversations that night. Life and the universe and the dimension we call reality. I had two people come up to me with the realization that something other than the cops was watching us, and the sky was their one way mirror, and perhaps the earth is just a burial ground for the dinosaurs who are great creatures that still exist in another dimension and leave their bones here. So too we must learn to progress by stepping beyond perceived boundaries. We talked about how our party was really a number of small circles of humans, and wouldn't it be great if we slowly gravitated naturally into one circle? We talked about homesteading, squatting, living simply without money, the stupidity of communism and nazism, Hessian band trivia, the art of concentrating ones' thoughts and Whoa she either read my thoughts or we just both by accident got a glimpse of pure communication! I'm certain so many way-more wonderful thoughts and philosophies got lost in the round eye of the full moon. On a hill a group howled like coyotes, and remarked amongst each other how no one up there knew each other, yet

ANARCHIST YOUTH A.Y.F. FEDERATION

Spokane

Speaking of chaos, the A.Y.F. is happening in Spokane. You can't join the A.Y.F. like you would a sexist, bigoted, drug oriented gang or any other org anization tainted with falsely created leadership. Neither is any of this important to any other flock of wild animal life! Just believe in those anarchist ideals which are as real as the natural rhythm of the Earth, and decide to stop sitting on your ass about it, and you'll find yourself in. Everyone has an inner strength that is an integral part. There's no excuse for alienation! Once you really believe that, so will others who have done the same. (P.O. Box 1748, Spokane, Wa. 99210)

Books To Prisoners Benefit Campout

August 27 1994

It began with a speech by **Mike Lee** of BTP. During his speech, Shasta, the white dog kept barking at the life size cardboard cop while everyone was trying to be serious! Carrie rounded up all the women for an **Women's Alternative Health workshop**. Then the generator was fired up and **SINGLE FILE DENIAL** debuted and rocked ass but quit after 3 songs thinking they sucked (they didn't) because they had just been together only a few weeks. **THAT ONE BAND!** featured Carrie with the ... of carefully conscrewed visual symbolism. she sang most of her time with a no parking sign, then a TV appeared and was destroyed, and the **cardboard officer Lee** was spraypainted & mutilated. After that **SURREALISTIC STATIC** echoed across the canyonside. They were dressed in styles of clothing reminiscent of what some of the commune dwellers might've worn in it's early heyday. By evening **CAUSE** emp... by lanternlight debuting a chain of new so... ready for **Nervous John Salvo's** recording wizardry. It was all great, but I definitely won't do a benefit where I have to ask for money at my house again, or do anything as little as fart during fire season. Yeah, it sucked not being able to have a bon fire. Damn it was cold! And collecting money, fuck, the earth is free, benefits belong in the city. I'll only have free campout/shows, my pledge! As for the money, wow! **$90 raised!** That's incredible if you figure out of 38 people, 15 were musicians who got "in" free. Thanks on behalf of Books To Prisoners. I think Mike Lee had a blast and a lot to talk about on the bus ride home, unless he just slept. Oh, and thanks for the books! For those who want to continue to donate, there's a collection jar at **Rasputins**, or write BTP(see page 2).

"Let's distibute the blankets amongst us for bodily warmth... I'm not a freak!(!)"

INFORMATION→POWER

ITCHKUNG!

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Whoa what's that fucken siren noise in that box making me all edgy and jonsing to riot as flames lick that desecrated star and stripe? And what beheaded capitalist is before my eyes cast into thy eternal bathtub of flame? Oh, yes, and what sparks fly out as the system tears away at my heart? But it is not me. I'm watching it on stage. Who am I? One of hundreds dancing wild and excited to drums and sounds of angels and crust, from behind gobs of mud cast upon us by a leoperded joker. In the light of burning torches we in one organic form scream back "WE SPIKE!" Fuck, I kept telling my friends, ITCHKUNG! they are coming in August. Now look at them. Ha! Ha! Oh, but some of them had already went ahead of them in a mushroom hued wilderness previous to the show, and a welcome mat was rolled out for next year.

SPOKANE MARKET PLACE

Save the Spokane Market Place!

The open market has always been a symbol of ordinary people working toward a self-sufficient lifestyle. Open markets are low cost and practical ways for small farms and crafts people to reach the public. This Corporate Fascist system has made many hurdles for this grassroots effort, and despite outrageous middleman robbery, the vendors have maintained their spirit. The market has been operating on land it does not own, or even have a sound contract in writing to be there, just a verbal understanding. Now a management company hired by SIRTI (the land owners) who've been basically allowing the marketplace to squat wants to evict them. The market people feel that SIRTI has the power to instruct it's property manager to work with the Spokane Market, and should, because SIRTI, as a state government agency, is required to be responsive to the voice of the people of Spokane.

If you want to GIVE YOUR VOICE WRITE the MAYOR JACK GERAGHTY /City Hall/W.808 Spokane Falls Blvd Spokane,Wa.99201

Chaos errupts at C.A.W. Gay Bias Rally

Lewis Clark High — Citizens Alliance of Washington (C.A.W.) rally commenced to drum up approval for initiatives 608 and 610. It began with the pledge of allegiance, then the lords prayer, followed by a C.A.W. propaganda flick. According to **Jennifer Pettitt**, in an exclusive conversation with a Discourse reporter, the film portrayed extremely bias film clips of gay people kissing, having sex, describing verbally graphic details of their sexual practices. Instead of showing gays as just simply ordinary people "you might just see at taco bell or somewhere" the propaganda endorsed a hysteria that "gays were going to take over the world" through initiating children with rape, sodomy, etc. and by quoting supposed gay activists. Jennifer exclaims: "You show all this to any gay/bisexual/lesbian person and they think it's disgusting! You know? It's those shallow people that just look at it and say, okay, that's exactly what's going on... They're taking things out of text that aren't true." Jennifer said she came to the C.A.W. meeting with an honest open mind, but when she discovered what was being fed she couldn't help but stand up and disperse their conservative illusion to which they recoiled. "We thought you were with us, go form your own club! You get out!"

"You're being brainwashed!" She replied and walked out to cheering crowds of bystanders and demonstrators, including those of Hands Off Washington. Shortly afterwards, a group of erisians banded together to **decapitate a waving old glory**, to which the guillotine master, who referred to himself only as God earlier that day told our reporter shortly after doing his duty, "I feel like a big weight has been lifted off my chest. I feel relieved!" After kicking the flag in the dirt a bit, the cops got jealous and stole it to burn amongst themselves. The chairperson of **Hands Off Washington** approved not, yet graciously negotiated for the return of the flag to God. Discourse recorded her conversation with the erisians:

"We don't want to give these [C.A.W.] people who are spreading hate and who are hate mongers anymore ammunition than what they think they already have, okay? What we try to do *here* at Hands Off Washington are peaceful gatherings."

"We don't believe in passive resistance *here*."

"I know that. I come from the days of Martin Luther King, okay? I've gone to jail for sitting in the back of the bus with people of color. I have a child that is bi-racial, okay? So I'm aware of all that stuff, and what I know is that what Martin Luther King says is true... If we give there people in this building what they want, then we are all going to be in trouble, not just Hands Off Washington, gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transsexuals, but everybody who thinks, or acts different than they are."

The erisians listened quietly, and appreciated Hands Off Washington's good nature and courtesy, although unswayed by resigned assimilation, and the typical confusion between respect and fear that all authority creates. Despite the weight of all the heavy issues of the evening, the erisians attentions were easily diverted by the proclamation of a party at a mansion on the top of the south hill. The decision was easily made to hold off dissing on wealth and private property for, oh, just one night! Jennifer, the honored retriever of the golden apple of Eris was there, as well as spectacular amplified performances that rocked away the wee morn' hours and excellent beer was consumed.

4th of July Television Smash Bash@Berkely's People's Park

E.L.F. interviews an eyewitness by telephone...

...what we were going to originally do was go to Peoples Stage in Peoples Park & smash televisions. We started gathering about 6pm, a good 50-60 people. We were ready to get up on the stage & smash TV's. Reverend Jim of the Ordained Church of the FROG was up at the Chateau- a student cooperative housing development. He had an electric vehicle full of about 20-30 TV's. The police intercepted the vehicle and tried to confiscate all the televisions. They told everyone they couldn't go into the park and smash TV's.

So what we did was make banners, like "BIG BROTHER WATCHING YOU" and took all the TV's and marched down Telegraph Avenue and took over the street. We started smashing TV's in the streets! We stopped up traffic for about ten blocks, and there weren't any police to be seen. So we smashed TV's with big sledge hammers, taking them by the cords, and swinging them. Finally the cops showed up and we took off for the park.

There we found out Reverend Jim had 20 TV's hidden in the park, and so it became like a scavenger hunt for those who were jonesing to smash TV's. Everyone gathered and there was a big speech.

Then, "ROBO-COP", this big cop that's his nickname anyways he shows up, his mace all ready. You can tell he was kind of on edge. ROBO-COP and some lady cop started confiscating the remaining TV's while everyone yelled "thief!!!" Suddenly masses of cops started marching in single file. It looked funny! They started to get all in front of the stage in order to blockade it. Everyone harassed them, including THE NAKED GUY, who was throwing rotten

fruit. One cop yelled "#5 and 6 get ready!" and they tried to surround him but he began to run and got all the way to the Chateau when cops ambushed him, and brought him to the ground. Everyone began to run over there to see if he was getting bashed up. One cop came behind me and started to bash me in the spine with the end of his wooden club, yelling "get the fuck off the street!!"

One thing to remember, is at any demonstration is to wear a mask, since they always videotape everyone. One person yelled: "Why the fuck are you filming us?" and 6 cops swooped onto him and knocked him to the ground and threw him in back of the cop car. Demonstrators got in front of the car to keep the car from driving away!

Meanwhile, FOOD NOT BOMBS started to show up to distribute food, and things started to mellow out...

If you had a chance to speak face to face with the police and the Berkeley community in general, what would you say?

We came to have a peaceful demonstration. We had been really responsible, we laid out tarps to catch glass and broken bits of television. People come to the park with bare feet and we were conscious of respecting that. It was because of the cops obstructing our right to demonstrate that we ended up smashing TV's in the street. We didn't plan to do that. We planned an orderly demonstration, in a park on a stage that is traditionally used for demonstrations.

The state does not like free thinkers! They do not like anyone who does not want to cooperate with this system of mind control. That's why we reject television, it is a tool of the state to control the masses.

NEWS FLASH: CANADIAN JUSTICE MINISTER AUTHORIZES REVIEW OF PELTIER CASE !! In an unprecedented decision, Canada's Justice Minister Allan Rock recently authorized a review of Leonard's case in Canada, amounting to what we hope will be an investigative inquiry into the 1976 extradition which illegally returned Leonard to the U.S. on the basis of false and fabricated evidence. After more than 18 years, this breakthrough is the first time the Canadian government has agreed to officially reevaluate its position. The LPDC/Canada is presently forwarding all appropriate legal and political documents to the Minister of Canada, including other worldwide support along with the official petition recently endorsed by 48 Dutch members of Parliament expressing great concern for the case, as was supported earlier by 60 members of the Canadian Parliament and 55 members of the U.S. Congress. We hope the Canadian government will conduct a fair review of Leonard's illegal extradition. All findings must be presented to President Clinton, along with a formal diplomatic request for Leonard's return to Canada and an official objection to the conduct of the American authorities during the 1976 extradition proceedings. **This could mean freedom for Leonard even if clemency is denied!**

WALK ACROSS EUROPE FOR A NUCLEAR-FREE WORLD 1995

SNORE and FOR MOTHER EARTH are organizing a mobile exhibition on renewable energy and energy savings from January 12 until October 12, 1995. The exhibition will travel across Europe as a part of the Walk Across Europe for a Nuclear-Free World 1995. The exhibit will be built up on market squares in villages and towns along the rout of the 5600 km walk.

The 50 m² exhibition trailer will be used for exhibitions, library, workshops, meetings, press conferences and an office for the Walk. We will also bring along different energy systems that will supply the Walk with energy. Photovoltaics and a wind generator will provide electricity for the Walk, office and kitchen, as well as for lighting for the exhibition and Walk campsites. Solar heaters will produce hot water for the kitchen and showers.

SUPPORT NEEDED

SNORE (Support Network on Renewable Energy) and For Mother Earth are looking for help to organize this tour. Although we have already made contacts along the way, we are looking for national coordinators and local contacts who wish to focus their energy around this renewable energy tour. We are also looking for financial contributions. And let's not forget, people who want to walk 25 km/day for one day or more ... you are welcome!

You are able to find more information on the Walk Across Europe for a Nuclear Free World 1995 on the new APC conference "motherearth". Exact route with timeline, registration forms, statement of purpose, advisory council updates... and a lot of other useful information is posted for anyone who wants information about this walk. Or you can write to your nearest Walk Across Europe office: Western Europe and International Office / Zilverhof 19 / 9000 Gent / Belgium / Tel 32-9-233-3268 Fax 32-9-233-4924 / E-mail: motherearth@gn.apc.org / Postal account 000-1618561-19 (or) Eastern European Office / Bubenska 6 / 17000 Praha 7 Czech Republic / Tel./fax 42-2-667-10366 / E-mail ckane@ecn.ngn.apc.org (or) North American Office / 1101 Bryden Road / Columbus, OH 43205 / USA / Tel 614-252-9255 / E-mail walk@igc.apc.org / Ohio Savings Bank 00600005722

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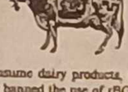
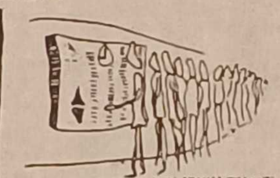
SUPPORT H.R. 4618

Synthetic bovine growth hormone (rBGH) is a genetically engineered hormone that, injected into cows, forces them to produce greater than normal amounts of milk. rBGH also makes cows sick, may present a human health risk, and will result in higher federal spending (due to increases in milk surplus) and a loss of family farms. rBGH went on sale to farmers across the country last February. Despite overwhelming opposition to the hormone by consumers and dairy farmers alike, the FDA has not required the labeling of milk and dairy products derived from cows injected with rBGH. Ask Congressman Foley to co-sponsor H.R. 4618, a bill which would, among other things, require mandatory labeling of all dairy products derived from cows injected with rBGH. (Write Mr. Foley at U.S. House of Representatives, Washington DC 20515, or call 353-2155 (Spokane office) or 202-225-2006 (Washington DC office).



NOTE: If you consume dairy products, be aware that the Broadview Dairy has banned the use of rBGH in its products. Darigold, however, will allow it.



STEAL OUR TIME BACK FROM THOSE WHO CHAIN US TO THEIR CLOCKS

In Memory of Fred [illegible]

While living on the roaring shores of the Pacific, I began a life with a Mexican singing woman, who cooked great food and painted colorful abstract paintings of her moods. Eventually, I became neighbor and friend with her father Fred, and we had nifty adventures as grand as a journey south in Mexico battling the crooked Mexican Pigs, to small adventures of sneaking homemade wine from his wretched old crone. She was a decaying "flapper" that helped create the Depression. I found him crawling across the floor one day with a wrench and pouch of tools. He told me she was forcing him to remodel the bathroom despite his crippling arthritis. But he never once lost his spirit, not even up to the second of death. In fact at 83, he was still hot and kicking with the lady folk. More than half his age, and I almost could say it seemed I was older. Although amassing great wealth in his lifetime, he barely kept what he needed, giving it away, and moving on when he gave enough to one person. He suffered much pain from the fist of this greedy world, but time and again managed to slip through its fingers, and find strength to keep loving. He's been an inspiration to me, in small yet important ways helping me become aware of values greater than property and wealth. This enevitably brought me in connection with my Punk friends. Although me & his daughter have parted due to each others hurts, I'll never break my ties with ones who've touched me. Not even death can break these ties.

He's now a part of the earth that I fight to save, so I'm continuing the battle that he now rests from. The battle for LOVE.

NATURAL ORDER IMAGINATION

is Life's spark of magic, like a seed planted in our minds. It starts to grow when we're little kids and we have loads of fun with it. Left alone it develops into the ability to overcome all limitations, the ability to believe nothing is impossible, seeing hopelessness as a fog not a wall. But it's so much more! The completely developed imagination is something beyond comprehension. Beyond that 5-10% of our brain capacity that we use, there's something that hasn't really been allowed to develop. Why?

Look at what happens to us in modern civilization. We're virtually robbed of our *natural instincts* by having to sit still indoors for the best 12 years of our life, which really isn't quite as bleak as I'm trying incessantly to make it sound. Because, after all, mind control and programming has to be fun and full of smiles or else it won't work. Right? What is lost, is we as young people are not taught first to discover who we are. Instead, sitting still is the first lesson in instilling the notion that you and I are nothing but a function in society, and to "be good" and resign to it. It takes 12 years to break an individual like a horse into a world run by money and power. During all this, many become "practical", and abandon imagination as silly kids stuff.

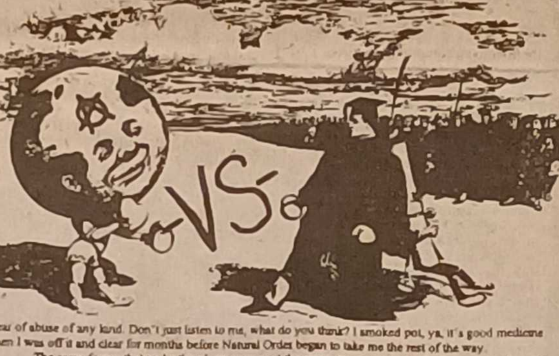
Modern civilization is a counterfeit of the Natural Order of LOVE. It has a mechanical beating heart that cannot stop for a second or the economy will collapse. It's kept beating by the multitudes entrapped by minimum wage, and protected by the real blood and hearts of youthful men and women in uniform. Capitalism, Communism, and Fascism are simply facilities for people to further their greed and feed off of other peoples energy. There are thousands who create middlemen agencies in all facets of life. From behind desks and stockmarket printouts in air-conditioned rooms, they exact higher prices for their petty services than what is received by the muscle and sweat of the forces that create the consumer products we all need.

The training center for their exploitation is school. Can you read and write and run a calculator? Then you've got it! Now look at yourself. You've heard the social programming. What is school doing to you? Where is it taking you?

Last summer, I wandered around the coast, smoked herb, and shot bull with some truly free folks, some who've quit school, and are learning more on the road with their backpacks and VW campers. They found their way into traveling music bands, barter fairs, anarchist gatherings, and the traveling circus. I'm not out here just to encourage dropping out, I'm reporting that some have followed their hearts and found themselves on the road, free, living in the moment and imagination. No one gives them a label, no one sticks a nametag on their shirt. By seeing and learning about the world directly and not from a book that brainwashes with the lies of nobodies, the truly free people see the world as it is and like-wise learn about themselves. They understand and avoid enslavement patterns, because along their path they see it's a warzone of motherfuckers and there are mines buried everywhere. The schools raise "respectable citizens" to believe in the red, white, and blue OZ, and to "Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain!" They saturate young minds with artificial ideals through school spirit, class spirit, team spirit, and anyone observing rallies, the competitive roaring and chanting to tribal fever, can clearly recognize where this warrior empire begins its armed service basic training.

On the other hand, school can be rad! We used to pretend we were secret agent rebels dismantling the enemy from within. (I guess I sorta miss school) Ironic as it may sound, all the awful nihilism and chaos in the schools is like causing enlightenment. Sure, what else would have created all these awesome free-form alternative schools?

Once your sure you want to learn to be free, even if you're not sure what being free means, this simple decision gets the ball rolling. Details of your personal quest must be entirely your own. Religion, at best, is a crutch, sometimes helpful in bringing you part way. Don't listen to me. What do you think? I see that many religions are infallible, often abusive human institutions, and often want to think they own truth. Bullshit. *You* are born with all the elements of realization, and a truly free heart will throw away all crutches. The only doorway out is the spark of magic glowing inside. But be warned! It isn't necessarily easy to become free. The mind is suppose to have safety mechanisms, but sometimes they don't work right, so have some trusting friends around to help you though. Some have said use mushrooms or whatever. Cool! Hey, isn't all that just another crutch? If you want to be really free, sooner or later you have to be free and



clear of abuse of any kind. Don't just listen to me, what do you think? I smoked pot, ya, it's good medicine. Then I was off it and clear for months before Natural Order began to take me the rest of the way.

The same forces that make the plants grow and the same energy that tells the geese to honk south in a perfect arrow in the sky is also the same power that keeps your heart beating, so it's never out of reach. In Natural Order nothing is impossible. You know it's happening when, say you might have a series of important "coincidences" or get help from unlikely people, or acquire some extraordinary "gift". You really know if you have a powerful experience, including these things we call "miracles". All these things are only glimpses of Natural Order at work. Beyond the unlocked trap door of the imagination is how the world is suppose to be. For now, we can only expect these glimpses.

Continue to rebel against the forces and patterns you now see, that in the past have injured you in life. Soon we will all be too injured to bear this civilization, and the precious mechanical heart will stop beating. Remember, you and I are the power source of this mechanical heart. Humanity will no longer be able to maintain its artificial order when the ones forced to keep it going no longer want to believe in it.

The end of this civilization does not have to be a violent one, at least for those who can get in touch with what created the violence inside themselves and understand it and choose not to have any part of it again. We've seen how this can happen on a large scale in Russia when the tanks rolled into Moscow to defend the slavery of communism. Instead, one by one, the young tank operators refused orders, while in the line of fire old women carried signs: "Don't fire on your mothers!" Soon, bouquets of flowers and playing children were all over the war tanks. This wondrous scene marked the end of a great WORLD POWER. Despite what the Russian "authorities"(who live in denial) think, Russia is practically one big ANARCHY, the work of mostly the young generation.

So never say never.

Just like we had to deal with their mass greed (upper class) and mass beatings (wars), there is now forming a natural human response: mass subjectivization (anarchy) and mass healing (revolution). We see it forming with a group of people that are needed for keeping this civilization going, but are, in fact creating something else, something transitional.

So, "what will be left when the locks have all been broken, young children of authority?"

All of History has whispered of the day when the Human Prisoner will be set free. The Greeks called it the Golden Age. The Celtics called it the Hiberian Age. The Hindus name for it is Krita Yuga. The Jewish Prophets spoke of when "the meek shall inherit the earth", The atheist socialists look to an age when the "law will be written in all hearts". Even the spirit entities that speak in seances tell it's drawing near. Researchers unraveling the universal language of the human mind through psilocybin experiments, have given it terms like "the Attractor" (more on that in another issue).

We are individuals and definitely disagree on details of this coming age, but Natural Order rides the wind above all our confusion. No one earth has a leash on it. As surely as the nuclear bombs are aimed and pointed this era must be happening soon. A rich human culture, ruled by love, and as wild and endless as the imagination will come, n-a-t-u-r-a-l-l-y. If you want proof, look in your heart. It's there.

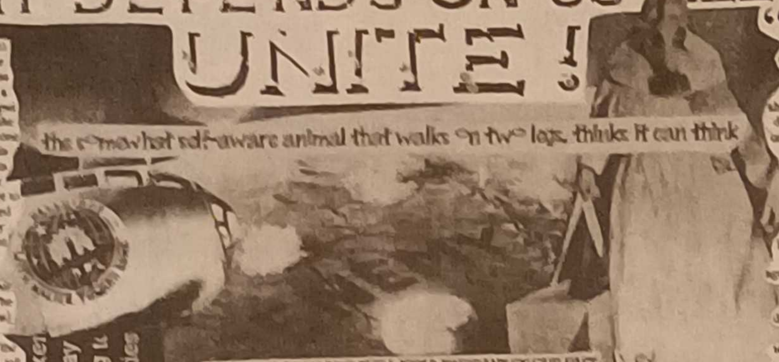
SCHOOL

EXCERPTS FROM SPEACHES DURING THE ANTI-IGNORANCE RALLY HELD AT RASPBUTINS 212 S. WALL

IF WE WANT CHANGE IT DEPENDS ON US ALL

UNITE!

the somewhat self-aware animal that walks on two legs, thinks it can think



"...When it comes to someone under the age of 18, regardless of race or nationality, you are basically not a citizen, it seems like it... They are trying to put in curfews in every city, you know, that's like apartheid, that's what it is, when you have one group saying you don't have the same rights and continuing until that group has no rights. Then they wonder why they have a chronic problem there when they add more pressure to an already hot boiling pot. I think we all need to get together as a unit and go down to city hall and speak for our rights. It's not a crime just to be young, the law shouldn't simply target certain age groups. The day before yesterday 2 drunks came out of the Nele Out one threw the other through the window. The cops took two hours to get here (Raspbutins). But the cops always seem to be right there whenever there is young people in front of the place just sitting around. They harass them, tell them they are doing something wrong. It's not wrong to be different, it's not wrong to be young, but it's wrong to throw people through windows!... There's this guy upstairs telling us he's gonna kill us every few days when we make a little noise..."

"...Joe was standing on his skateboard, right? Right against the curb, not even in the crosswalk. And officer T.J. LEE came over and he grabbed him by the arm and started swinging him all around the street and then he shoved him into a pole. Then he like shoved him down on the ground. Joe yelled, "What's going on!" He was just like "Shut up! Shut up!" Then he called three other cop cars for back up (!?!) and we were sitting there, all of us at Rock bottom, saying, "Ah, I think we are witnessing police brutality." They just yelled back at us to back off. From what Joe was telling me is he doesn't have a home, he doesn't live with his parents & everything, and the cops confiscated his skateboard, but first of all they threw it like against the wall! They gave Joe three tickets: One was for crossing against the light, which he wasn't even crossing, he was facing the other direction. And one was for being in the runway. And another was for skateboarding, but he wasn't moving! It was so stupid! And we asked the officer T.J. LEE for his badge number. He told us, like: "I don't even have a badge number." And we said, "No, what is your badge number?" And he goes on how we can't do nothing about it and all this stuff, and we replied, "No, we are going to do something about it!" We took down pages of names of witnesses..."

BY TESCA

Dad: "Children, you better clear up the broken

WE ARE ALL BORN INTO THIS WORLD IGNORANT OF OUR PAST
IGNORANT OF OUR PRESENT
AND ALWAYS IGNORANT OF OUR FUTURE
IN MANY WAYS OUR CONDITION OF IGNORANCE WILL NEVER CHANGE
ESPECIALLY IF WE NEVER TRY TO CHANGE
WE JUSTIFY OUR IGNORANCE WITH LIES BECAUSE THE TRUTH WILL OFTEN SHOW US THAT ARE WRONG
WE ARE AFRAID TO BE SHOWN AS WRONG
WE ARE AFRAID TO CHANGE OUR WAYS BECAUSE WE GREW UP THINKING THAT OUR WAY WAS THE RIGHT WAY
IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS
IGNORANCE OF OUR FELLOW HUMANS AND THE WORLD AROUND US HAS COST US OUR BLISS
IGNORANCE IS WHAT MAKES US HATE AND FEAR
HATE OUR NEIGHBORS THAT SPEAK A DIFFERENT LANGUAGE
FEAR OUR YOUTH THAT LOOK DIFFERENT THAN WE DO
HATE PEOPLE WITH A DIFFERENT SHADE OR SHAPE THAN WE...
BOMBS ARE BUILT AND MISSILES ARE AIMED AT OUR FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN RACE ALL BECAUSE OF IGNORANCE
MILLIONS WERE GASSED TORTURED, HELD IN POVERTY, KEPT BACK—
BECAUSE ONE GROUP OF PEOPLE BLAMED ITS PROBLEMS ON ANOTHER GROUP OF PEOPLE
RATHER THAN FACING UP TO THE FACT THAT THEY WERE WRONG
THEY WERE IGNORANT
THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUE LAW WHICH WE ARE ALL FORCED TO OBEY—
IT IS NATURE
THOUGH WE TEND TO NOTICE THE SUPERFICIAL DIFFERENCES AMONGST OURSELVES-
OUR COLOR OUR CLOTHES OUR SOCIAL STATUS OUR SEXUAL PREFERENCE, OUR NATIONALITY, OUR AGE, OUR SPIRITUAL EXPRESSION
NATURE HAS MADE US WITH MUCH MORE IN COMMON WITH ONE ANOTHER THAN DIFFERENT

"...Nazi, what is that? That was the name of the German military. Some of those people fought back then, they were forced to do it. Not all the German people thought it was right what was going on back in WWII. I know that for a fact, because my grandmother, they came and put her in uniform and made her fight, ok? against her will... When I went into the army, during basic training, everybody knew I was from Germany, well I acquired a nickname in basic training: "Hitler." Why? Because I came over from Germany. All my life Black people tell me I'm not black, white people tell me I'm not white. So I'm in the middle. I'm what they call a war baby, ok? People just don't understand. To be honest with you, I don't want to be Black, I don't want to be White either. I want to be exactly what I am, a little of both. That way I've got the best of both worlds, as opposed to having to fight to get out of a minority spot for being black, or being stamped off by blacks as a stupid white boy or whatever.

"It's not that it's their fault. It's their parents fault, and their grandparents fault, and their grandparents parents fault. They beat it into each others heads... then there was Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. Like MLK said "I have a dream..." He died for a purpose. The blacks are moving up in the world, they're progressing. It's just that some people still have these images passed down generation to generation. Why? Because people are afraid to change, to try something different. Therefore they just follow the footsteps of somebody else... The change is on. I think if more people would think like everybody in here and say, well, you know, we should all stand as UNITY. Like somebody said one time that this is the melting pot. There should be every culture accepted as equal... What about the native American Indians? This is their country! Look what happened! They have to live in reservations, but the U.S. used to be their land and now, what happened? Just like in S. Africa. I'm not coming down on white people because my mom is white, my wife is white, my dad's wife is white, ok? Period. But the white man came and took S. Africa, and now the blacks turned it around and made Mandela President, so let's see what happens..."

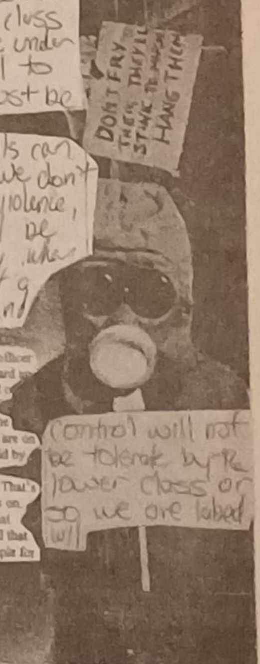
"...I hear people say they feel defenseless and powerless. I carry weapons, defensive weapons I call them One of them is a can of mace, and that doesn't really count if I can't get it out of my pocket! But I carry a really strong weapon in-between my ears and under my hair. A lot of people don't use it... The last weapon I carry is **"YOUR RIGHTS AND THE POLICE"** written by the **ACLU**. If this Mr. T.J. LEE came up & arrested me I would have never let the motherfuker know my name. You don't have to according to the ACLU. It's some old code still on the books that overrides all the state laws. You don't have to identify yourself. You don't have to show them I.D. unless you are driving a car or unless you are possessing an alcoholic beverage. If you tell them "No you cannot search my backpack or car," that's probable cause. But if you say, "You may search my <u>backpack if you have a warrant</u>," that's not probable cause. It's all in your wording..."

IF WE COULD COME TO RECOGNIZE THIS FACT
STARTING WITH OURSELVES
THAN MAYBE WE COULD FIGHT OUR IGNORANCE
RATHER THAN FIGHTING WITH EACH OTHER
AND THEN THE TRUE LAW OF NATURE WHICH IS MORE KIND THAN CRUEL, COULD RULE THE WORLD
NOT THE FALSE LAW OF MISTAKEN, HATEFUL IGNORANCE
IGNORANCE = DEATH FOR ALL

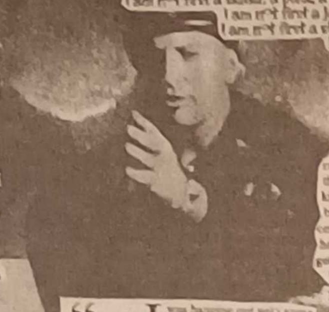
FIGHT YOUR OWN IGNORANCE
FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE OF YOUR LIFE

I am not first an american, or a mexican, or an african
I am not first a skater, a punk, a kid, a businessman, a housewife, a bum, a stoner
I am not first a jew, a christian, a buddhist, a pagan
I am not first a streetperson or a middle class citizen
I am first HUMAN

In the Jungle of Concrete
Living in Fear of the Silver Badge
the Streets are ruled
by a facist Monarchy
Racist, Facist Rackem
who are proned to help the white
not the poor class
Bat in hand
ready to fight
the so called criminal element
the true criminals are
behind the badge and
the rich ruling class
the Police State under
which we call to
will and must be
destroyed
We as indiviuals can
rule ourseles. We don't
want their violence,
racism, we will be
free someday when
we decide that a
facist govt and



You didn't spend $150 for the bike. But it's really strange that just last week we passed by that store and saw 2 police cars and three little kids about the same age as my daughter in the back of one of the police cars for stealing a 50 cent candy bar. Now, that was a priority!" And he said, "Well-" and I said, "Well, you have to get your priorities straight..." That's the kind of thing we are up against. It's overwhelming if you think about it, but the hope is that we can somehow rise above it. The sound of a skateboard going down the street, to me that's music, that's to me one of the happiest, joyfulest sound I know. When I was a kid growing up in the south, the exact same treatment that was going on with the black people is going on with the kids today. The black people of the south had to rise above the opposition of people that said they couldn't have certain freedoms. But they chose to have it. And they've come a long way. And they've done a lot of positive things. They did much without violence. They used logic, reason, hope and faith. I think if you start peeling back layers and started investigating the corruption of the police department you'd find way more than anybody would want to know about. Because people complained, one officer [Peden] was suspended for a few days..."



"...I was hanging out with some friends on the bridge above Browns addition and... well we were I can say pretty tipsy. But the thing of it was we were standing on this bridge- me, this guy and two other girls. They were all under age & I was the only one over 21. We were drinking beer in these water bottles... The cops came up, they were very antagonistic, very rude very forceful. They accused me of contributing to minors. I asked them: "Did you see me buy this beer?" He said "No." I said "Did your partner see me buy this beer?" "No." I smiled, "Well, I guess I didn't buy it." The point I was trying to make was that, he didn't know me from Adam. For all he knew I could've walked up to those guys, he had no idea of what was going on. He just ASSumed. That's where the line is drawn. We have to realize our rights, and never let anyone step over that boundary.

"Now some while later on, my daughter came home from the store crying: "Some little boy stole my bicycle!" I called the police. And the officer replied: "We're not going to send anybody out because we're really busy and it's just not a priority." And I said: "Well, it may not be a priority to you.

ATOMIC BOMB
PROTECTIVE DEVICE
TSUKADA SYSTEM

"...While talking to an officer down on Howard and Riverside, I found out from him that the officers that worked downtown are also paid separately by the storeowners as security guards but they are on duty as police officers. They also get paid by STA. Now that sounds a lot like paid protection, like in the old mobster days. That's one of the things we have to really focus on. Think of all that money they get from that racket alone, plus our tax dollars, plus all that money they get from fines charging people for stupid things like J-walking..."

Control will not be tolerate by the lower class or so we are labeled

To get on Causes mailing list write to them care of this zine (see page one)

C@use
interview

Here we are in the Cause practice room, amongst empty beer bottles and dirty socks. Okay you guys, name yerself off and what you do.

- I'm Rick and I'm the bass player.
- I'm Merv and I play drums.
- I'm Kameron and I yell!
- Ah, I beat on my Guitar.

But who are you?

-Jeremy.

How d'you guys get together?

K-I wanted to start a hard core band, so I went around asking my friends. I met Merv, and Merv brought his drum set over the house, and a bunch of people came over & we started playing. That's how we got together, and it did'nt turn out to be a hard-core band, it started out to be poppy.Jessica came over to practice, and we did one song with her and decided we'd have her sing. We were a band before Jessica, and now she's gone.

Why did Jessica leave?

K-She's going to college in Seattle. That's why.

You sing about Revolution and Anarchy. Do you all agree with the lyrics?

K-I agree with'm 'cause I wrote most of them.

M-We all wrote common ground together, and that's kind of our root of our songs & our music. That's the way I feel that song is. We agree on at least that much

J-I do'nt believe anarchy can work. There's too much corruption and greed. You can't teach people already set in their ways.

K-If it worked would you like it?

J-Ya! I plan on living that way. But, on the whole for everyone..

I saw y'all @ the Airway Heights Grange and you really got the audiance going!

J-I really don't think people listen to what we say. I just think they're having fun!

M-Some people might listen. It's really neet when you can have crowd interaction like that because it gives you energy.

K-Especially when they listen to what you have to say. Our message is, like, UNITY. You know!We just want to get people motivated to act locally.

M-Work to like having a COMMON GROUND with each other, so we can have something like to work together on like

K-United We Stand Divided we fall!

So, what is there besides making music?

R-SMOKE POT!!!
(laughter)

K-I don't smoke pot. I think pot turns you into a burnout. Makes you lazy. Makes you paranoid. It aint worth it! It's a waste of money unless you grow it yourself.

M-I like ridding my bike and outdoor shit. It's fun!!!

K-I like to drink beer!

R-YA BEER!!!!!!!!!

M-I like Sega Hockey.

J-We have Sega parties.

K-I like Beer.

What kind of Beer?

Stout! Labatt! Mickeys! Labats Ice! Anything!

Ya ready to go into Jello Tree I hear..

K-We're doing anoth tape since Jessica aint in the band anymore, so we have something else to show who we are now. Josh aint in the band no more-

J-Josh, I think he kinda got bored.

M-Ya. He found another group of musicians that's kind of more of analternative style. I guess he was kinda burned out on distortion sounds

What kind of music do you listen to?

K-Crust bands & a lot of hardcore.

J-I listen to alot more poppy stuff.

K-like Green Day! He listened to old 80's hair bands like Motley Crew.

J-Judist Priest. Iron Maiden.

K-like Accept and King Diamond!

J-"balls to the walls!!"

R-I listen to good music.

J-Like fucken goth rock.

R-Ya! GOTH ROCK!!!!!!!!!!!

M-Everything from Epitaph. Stuff I also like alota old rock'n'roll like the roots of rock'n'roll like even Elvis & Bo Didley. Chuck Berry. That kind of shit.

R-All the stuff you've been hearing all your life.

M-alota Sick-Boy bands. Leather jackets..

Here's anyones chance to say thier phylosophy on life..

K-Life's rough!!

J-Don't look back. Don't look forward. Just live for the day!

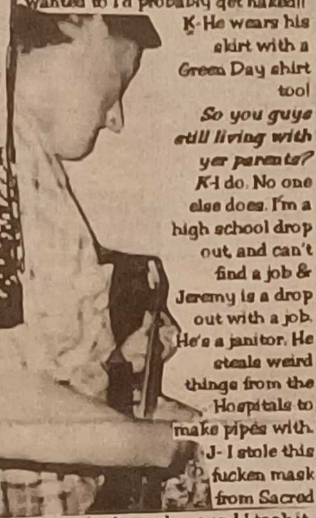
M-Exactly!!

What influences your music?

Bad Religion! Gorilla Biscuts!! Neurosis!! Blatz!! Pot!! Coffee! Revolution!!

Jeremy, on stage you sometimes cross dress.Why?

J-Oh! I think skirts are really confrontable, that's why I wear them. I don't think clothes were ment in the beginning to diffrenciate between male & female. That's not why I wear them. If I wanted to I'd probably get naked!!



K-He wears his skirt with a Green Day shirt too!

So you guys still living with yer parents?

K-I do. No one else does. I'm a high school drop out, and can't find a job & Jeremy is a drop out with a job. He's a janitor. He steals weird things from the Hospitals to make pipes with.

J- I stole this fucken mask from Sacred Heart. It was in the garbage and I took it and made a pipe out of it. It get's you baked man!

R-Ya! BAKED!!!!

In one show you burnt an AMERIKKKAN FLAG. Are you guys all anti-American???

M-We put it into the audiance & they burnt it. But I think that-

K-I think they did it just to be cool in front of their friends.

You were hot so you used it to wipe your face 'cause it was convienient?

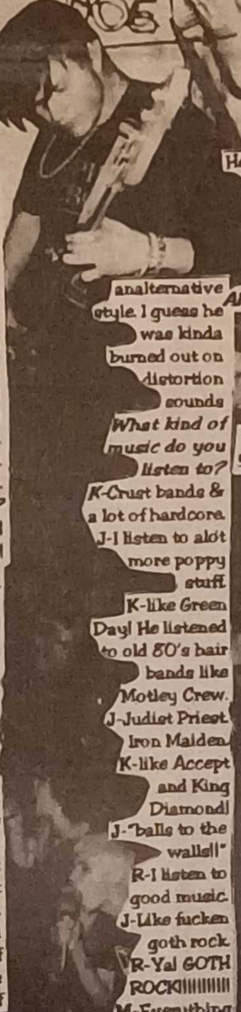
J-Ya

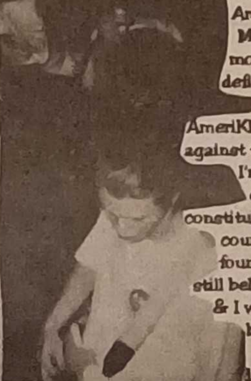
So you guys aint Anti-Amerikkkan?

K- I'm antiamerikkkan.

J-What's wrong with being American?

M-Todays modernday definition of being AmeriKKKan-I'm against that. But I'm for the origional constituates this country was founded on. I still believe in it & I will never believe in todays definition.





Cause members talk about Thomas Jefferson, 1st & Jefferson, selling out, and getting busted.

K-We thanked THOMAS JEFFERSON in our tape because he did alot for this country. He wanted it to be true liberty. Self-governing. Not like it is now.

How is it now?

K-the governments too big.

J-It has alot to do with the population size. It's hard to unite the population the size that it is.

K-They're trying to make everything illegal so everybody gets in jail mostly the lower class. Jefferson said if you're not getting your life liberty & persuit of happiness, you have the right to change your government, to overthrow it. But you really can't do it anymore.

J-I think they take alot of precautions, and make other rules around it. The ammendments are there, but they got other rules around it, so they're really not there anymore.

M-Loopholes to counteract the laws that protect the people, but then again I don't know what goes on behind closed doors. I just know what I see on the street.

K-like video cameras on 1st and Jefferson. The people who put up the video cameras don't live in the community. I think the community down there should tear'em down. That's where they live & they have the right to privacy & not be videotaped when they walk down the street. It's 1984! BIG BROTHER WATCHING YOU!!!

J-It's their right to sell crack if they want to.

K- Not everyone smokes crack down there! It's just a low income neighborhood.

M-The people in the neighborhood can take care of it if they wanted to.

K-It's just the rich people that put up the video cameras. 'cause they don't have to live there. If they supported the community no one would rob them.

J-I think it has a lot to do with people who have money don't really know what it's like to be down on your luck. They look down on it.

What's the plans for the future for the band? Are you going on tour?

K-We had a tour, but we had no vehicle

J-Somebody should give us a van!

K-For free!! We'd like to keep the band D.I.Y. Try to do the best that we can to doing things ourself like doing our own tours & putting out our own stuff, you know. Get as big as we can doing it that way. Hopefully someone will get something from our music, entertainment or learn something from it.

J-Maybe we can sign to some big label like ATLANTIC!

K-NO!!!! I'll never sell out. I'll quit the band as soon as they do that!

Even if they offered you up front like $100,000?

K-I'd take the money then quit the band then I'd buy a big ol' chunk of land and put up a bunch of buildings for everybody to squat in. It would be totally based on freedom where everybody can do what they want.

M-Kameron, what's you're definition of selling out?

K-Having a major label distro your music, paying you to play. I mean, what if you don't want to play? You'd have to because they're making money off you too! That aint right!

M-If a major label would ask a band you were in to play your music just the way you wanted it, to say exactly what you wanted to say and pay you for it 'cause they liked you? And they knew the people'd like it and they'd buy it, and music as an industry already exists.

K-I thought music was ment to be Do It Yourself.

J-I think where it gets fucked is people when they think of selling out they think of all the bands on MTV, but that's a good way to educate people and get your point of view out so the masses can start thinking about it.

K-I don't think so.

J-I think it's in personal attitude. It's a state of mind. Most people that go to like rich high schools that are trendy and watch MTV and listen to the ZOO are'nt going to listen to our music.

K-Do you really think Rage Against the Machine is going to make a big impact on anybody by selling out? Can they get thier message out, even though they're total hipocrites while they're doing it?

How are the big stars gonna educate about upper class greed and oppression as they rake in their millions?

J-Hey. There are more & more people are getting into it everyday. And that's one good thing about it. If you want your revolution you gotta have more people in it !!!!! You look down on the rich kids cause they buy their clothes at the BON but they're still rebelling.

K-Rebelling against what?

R-Rebelling against your parents holding you down.

K-Buying clothes does'nt make you rebellious!

Well, any last words before I blow all you subverts away?

K-Do It Yourself. But do it high! Or be quiet, consume and die!

J-Smoke pot alot and stay stoned!

R-HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!!!

J-At our next show I want everyone to just break out thier bowls and have one fucken smoke out and don't be stingy!!

K-And do'nt be afraid to get naked!

Any words to the authorities that be?

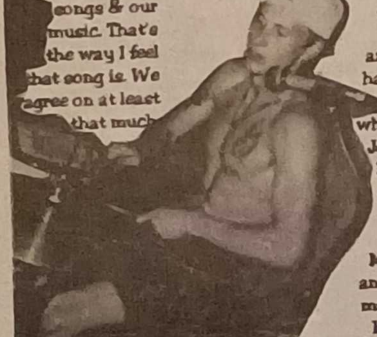
R-FUCK OFF!!!!

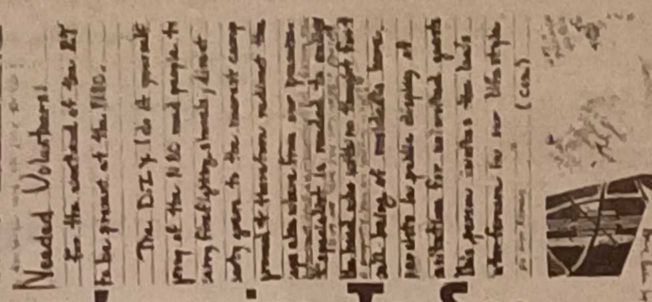
Is that a message to any authority in particular?

M-Western Security. Ya! Me and Rick got busted for skateboarding and having a good time while there's people out there polluting with thier cars, and creating big piles of shit, and me and Rick are doing two things -ridding a bike and skateboarding- two things that don't cause no havoc or pollution at all & we got busted! Fucken Mr. Wells of Western Security. Some old burnt out DICK face that does'nt know shit! And I'll meet this ASSHOLE if he wants to meet me! I'll meet him!!!

Alright!!! Rage On! Later!

C@use
interview





Learning To See

Any brainless agitator of WAR is nonetheless a living thing. Who's fault is it that it's easy to forget when they arm themselves to the teeth so we can't see the whites of their eyes? The more armed, the more vulnerable, because a person or government that resorts to arming themselves/itself to a great extent on the exterior, in the process gets all soft and void of spirit on the inside.

Before I rant on, I'd like to tell you a tale. It's a true story, and could've occurred in a galaxy far far away or somewhere here in Washington State, you never know sometimes! You see, the place I call home began as an experiment in utopia, and I'm realizing even more now that even though the canyon is filled with those who'd rather forget about "hopeless" idealism, time and again we nevertheless find ourselves caught in human dramas that are actually real-life riddles and clues to all the pain and suffering of mankind and all it's history. Just like a Shakespearean play might contain a few characters and a simple setting, yet the message is on a scale much greater, very much human. Somewhere in the riddles and clues, whispers the spirit of Life.

The play opens just a few weeks before the BTP benefit and we find the people of the canyon dressed in masks. Whoa, check out the masks! Check out the variety of things they've created to put between themselves and the world around them. Some of the masks are complex, hard to describe: One looks like Gossip, one looks like a Hocus Pocus mask (he says when you look through it you can see dreams and visions). I see a few that look like land titles all taped to their faces with holes cut out for their eyes, another looks like "doubt", another like "too much work no time", one called "law", a couple are wearing computer monitors kinda like spacesuit helmets. There's this one mask that looks like a police badge and he hides behind it and stalks people through the woods, but it keeps falling off his face, and rolling under a junk car. Another has this big 'ol dollar bill taped to his face, and up on a hill Rambo's got so many guns and Amerikkkan flags pointed at the world no one can see him. Oh, and look at me, I've got my writings that tell my feelings and dis' on everything all plastered to my face! Besides all of us, there's a few simple folk with no masks at all, living close to the earth and it's rhythms.

The self-declared Queen of Shields looks out over the canyon from on high with glee, and if you go visit her she will look into your soul and paint for you your shield, and adorn it with visual representations of your spirit, so you can know exactly what it looks like. Well, it wasn't far from the Queens abode that a group of us Punks gathered in the circle of rocks to singing tunes of Revolution that we would just make up, and get naked and shout spoken word all night. We were a wild bunch, and we kept taking off our masks and poking fun at each other and being general dingbats which worried one woman with the computer mask that came to scare us away. After all, it was fire season, and on top of that was the memory of the age before the reign of Shields, when people ran around all bug-eyed and naked. The time when no one owned anything or they all owned everything and no one owned watches. Worse yet, they came in busloads from Sanfrancisco every summer and lived in tents and tipis and left a mess behind when snow hit. It was a time before the junk cars were towed away, and the Golden Age of the bylaw and land lease. And now, now these children of the rebion fire -FIRE! The greatest fear! The only power even the Queen herself is at mercy with, a force no Shield can bear up against. "These Punks come back out from within our most fearful memories! The fear that creeps in with the blowing of hot wind and the sound of rustling dry grass, where even the tiniest piece of broken glass can return concentrated light to spark an inferno. Oh, and the devilish fire that destroyed so many priceless works of art by the King... Oh!... Quick everyone! On with our masks!"

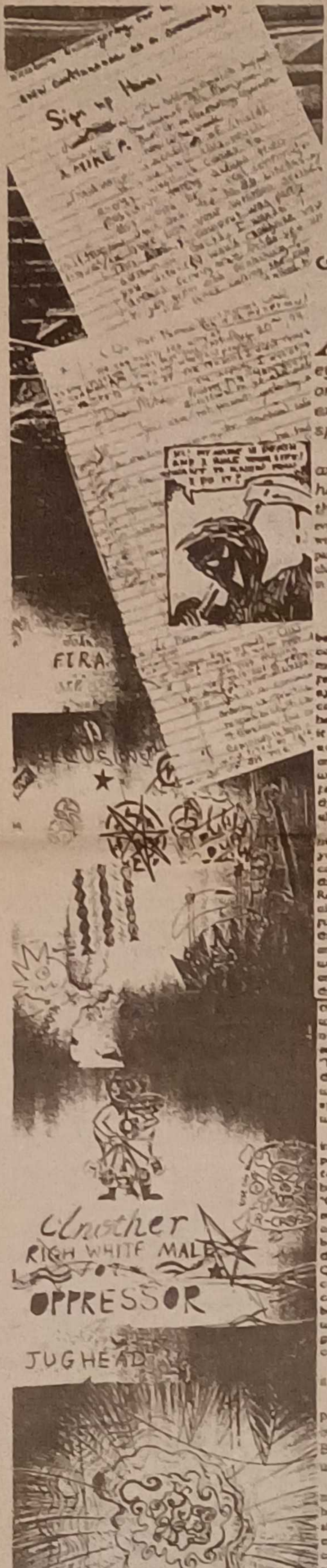
Meanwhile, me and my friends, far from being pyromaniacs and fear inspiring, in fact, being quite geeky and cross-eyed and picking our noses and poking holes in our skin half the time. Yup. Definitely the last thing we wanted to do was burn down the place or even change it a little outside of reasonable bonds for all the freed earth. I kept trying to entreat the canyon people, "Cometh out! Cometh forth! Oh pleasant people of the canyon, We linger on the eve of celebration!" We wanted to build a big teeter-totter -a giant adult sized one, and have all sorts of noisy and acoustic music and drumming and food and bartering. But our big big mistake was doing it during fire season. Because of that, no one was willing to look out from behind their masks. The King and Queen worked hard to create illusions like "The school house is going to collapse!" or "we're going to band together with shovels and stop your celebration!" Well, to wrap up the story in one sentence before you get too bored, we retreated to my front yard and had the BTP benefit, but we are whispering about busting out the celebration horn again in the spring, while the grass is green and wet, and after we've trained a sparrow to fly into the castle and steal the crown of the Queen while she's asleep!

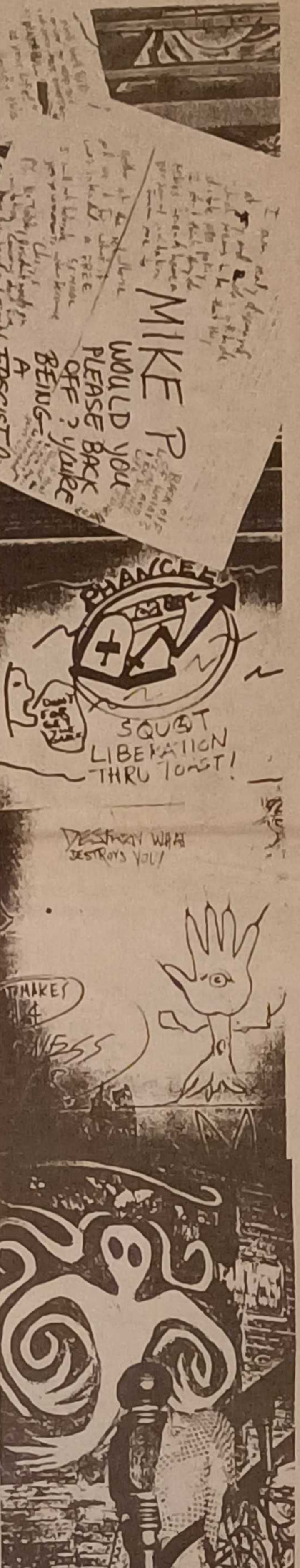
Wow! Just think, this all really happened! I mean, of course told with abstract creativity. But I told it from this perspective to give insight on the world around you.

Every day, we have to deal with these people that hide behind masks of money and patriotism, creating illusions and trying to make us believe them. Perhaps we've made our own masks in defense, all wild and perverse, sticking our middle finger back at this world. But we've given up life if we ever let masks and illusions pull the LOVE out from within us!

Trying to communicate, I called a meeting for the people in the canyon. In the middle of the meeting, three older men walked out on me, led by one with a land title mask who saw "it pointless, I've been through this before. It goes no where." He could only find fault with me, like chickens can only peck at other chickens sores. I think this is a common behavior in our modern world, but I think we're intelligent enough, or should be, to rise above this mentality. Stops or clogs need to be removed, so free communication can happen. All the same, I think the landowner found it necessary to leave and therefore removed himself. Don't ever let your mask and illusions keep your LOVE from going that extra mile to peace!

Here I am writing, amongst graffiti and piss smells and old clothes. Yes, beyond these four walls of the squat are my many friends, the ones that remained through the summer to now. Yet inside here, on the eve of my journey, I find myself suddenly and tragically alone.





To my very core I know I am of a species that has taken the wood from the trees
and minerals from the earth and created an empire of alienation. What are these
abstractions that have taken over me? My people have transferred their power into a gun
and a bomb, and have filed their land into drawers in little offices in cities that buy and sell
human vitality and charge for intimacy -and even that is riddled by abstractions. What are we to make of
this common business appearing in every city? Intimacy on a TV screen, or behind glass or a quarter...
TV's, glass, quarters, walls... but the walls have holes and people peer at each other...peek!

I feel today like I'm someone that's stumbling around the scene of the crime, looking for clues,
fingerprints, anything. I think in all my years and all my efforts, I'm just one of millions of men and women
wandering in the blackness, hoping to catch hold of someone's hand, yet not really completely and truly
sure what to do when it happens. I've instead been, in some cocky metaphorical sense, giving away my
vitality like a freak in some cage, but my HOPE is poking holes in this wall of alienation.

As I wander around in the city, I study older men and women, their wrinkles and bald spots. It's
not square to honestly say I don't usually see much to look up to today in the way of inspiration and
guidance. Actually, I find myself pitying quite a number of them, and see no glory whatsoever in slowly
disintegrating for the modern man. I don't want to be like the majority of them. If I ever live to grow old, I
want to be that inspiration and guidance. Something true and natural, fighting for life deep inside, constantly
pushes me in that direction, and I find it a constant effort to hang on to my spirit, yet share all of my
strength, and to keep everything wonderful and flowing.

Fucken, so I want to throw celebrations. I want people to know that Life is a
celebration, and a stage for what makes them special has a spotlight on and waiting. I want
everyone to laugh and howl and wake up the neighbors and have them join in. I want to
bring people to the country to reclaim their Natural Inheritance, and convince them that
they have a right to be obnoxious and ridiculous, and to never be alone, to move in tribes
of twos or five's and walk tall on top of the world

Yet, here I am alone amongst the graffiti and piss. In the early light of this lingering day I had woke
up with this voice inside my head, afraid and on the edge of going down into the abstractions, with all those
chickens picking at the sores of others in their species

But I'm realizing this and I'm writing it all down, so I must not really be so lost and blind. I've just
learned to see, and my knees are knocking at the horror in and around me.

Hey, guess what? I know I'm going to be fine! Why? Well, I do not feel I have failed at anything
I've set out to do this summer, since, through all I have done, I have a clearer idea who are my friends, and
who consider my life and ambitions at least a little important to them. I see and value this success, and
when I am down I will picture all your faces in my mind and regain my strength.

Okay, the spotlights on and it's finding YOU!

Thanks to Chris, John, Maggie, Mike Lee, Stephanie, Matt Kelly, Charles, Sky, Mary, Tim, The
Hill People, Carol, Kameron, Rick, Thorn, Marv, Jeremy, Jessica, Carrie and all the bands and everyone
that came to the shows at my house, the Orange, Ryans basement, etc., Eddie J. Martinez, Dave Orion
Fischer, Jerry and the Young Guns, Chris and fam, Brett, David O., Peaceful Valley people, Rain, Owl,
Bruce, Bill, Yvonne, Travis, Tammara, all my family in Detroit, the canyon people, Monique, A.Y.F., Ricky
and all the other cool people at Kinko's, START printing, and all the travelers to my home and to all the
people I'll be meeting soon. And special thanks to Louise, to whom I've shared a whole decade of life with,
who believed in me enough to bear with me and all my dreams, and who helped me stay on this side of the
wall. Love you.

Okay everyone here's your applause!
HURRAYooWhooPEEEclapclapHaaaSHcheerclapclapyahHurrayWheeH'raystampmstampmstampHooloo
hoot Cheercheer Hoo-rahayayayclap clap aieyHehy YHOO YaHOO wow whistle YaHOO Wheehey
stampm stamp "Bravo" (Hats-in-the-air)HURRAHaaahYippee wow clap clap clap clapfhey HEHheh Yiah-
ooey Cheer WheeHaAEHwhistlewhoop hurray clap clap mm Achoo mmmmmmclap clap clap clap clp clp
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This is the poisen
this is the box
that sets all the
standrds. This is the
box that tells you
the police are heros
as they prey on
indiviuals who don't
have the money and
power to controll the
first Reclaim. This is
the box that tells
teenagers that if they
have zits they will
be the talk of the
school this is
the box that shows
women must wear
make up to look
beutiful and that
we must obey the
male patriarchy way
we live. This is the
box that only shows
the happy
rich, not the
slums and despair
of the poor This
box is and utter ele
of poison. It tells
us capitalism is
right, that if your
nothing if you don't
have it all you
must be unoted in
society

NOXIOUS

As I look over the arena
All I see is red
Body Party, dead bodies
The smell of destruction
coating my nostrils with fear

Crying men who have no cares
for this mindless cause
Why are we here?

minds in a vice
ld not to expose
whats inside
city comes down on me
because of tradition
I am ugly in their eyes
Inside I contain beauty
not to them

Hated for those who
have hardened me
Perceptions I try to delude
Freedom no where in sight
just hatred in a boxo
ready to explode

Men in blue-sayed
we need this land
Slayings and destruction
for their plot of land
political gain at their hands
power mongers never see
the death
only the Poor

Dark now from all the dirt
some man went bazerk
Nuclear holocaust at it best
Decaying man, rotting flesh,
Nausea vomit
Take back the control!
Beuracratic Bullshit!

Fuck their WARS!

why do their insecurites
make them so poisonous
try to bring us all down
the barries I put up
should not have to be done
culture based on cruelty

I'm told I am not right
not able and functioning
just shit to be shit on
not to be loved

Some desires can not be forfilled
but toleration will not be accepted
lodged in my mind deep in melancholy
one day I will step out
and forfill my desires
one day
we will be Free
From Hatred

Deception

My vitality my lifeblood
is on a staircase to nowhere
Walled in by four sides
My salvations desperation one
Emancipation lies within
Resurgence of my freedom

Faith, Faith
Animation for just one
Deception only comes
False promises just forgotten
Homicide and carnage
inking the lands
just to spread the word

Impulses let me go beyond
clearly fogged, but good perceptions
Mutual exchange based on faith
Content to give all of yourself

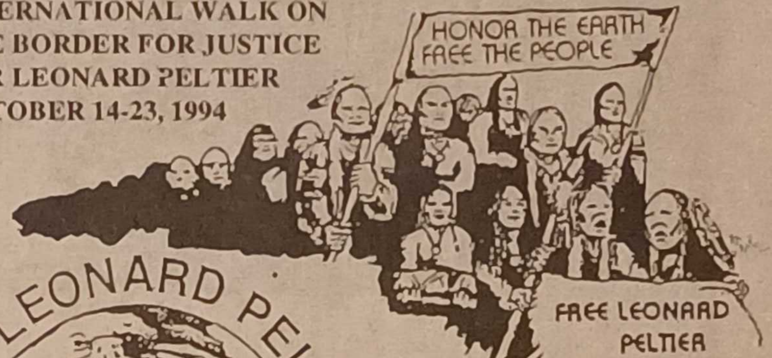
[All POEMS IN THIS ISSUE BY ...]

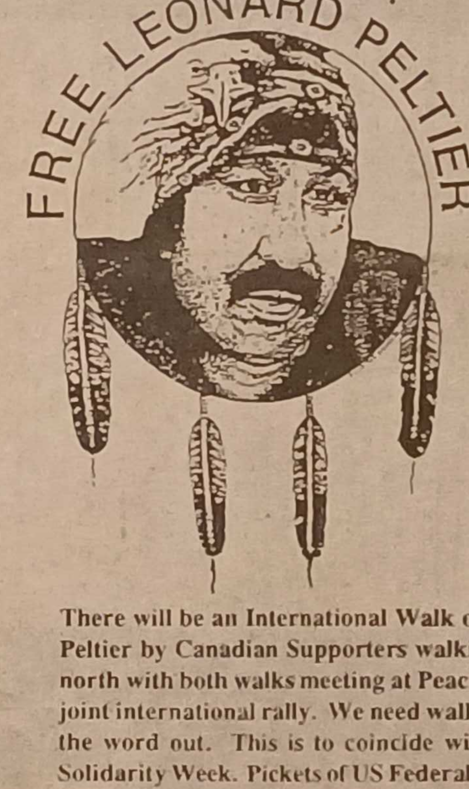
ISSUE #1

25¢ in SPOKANE
50¢ elsewhere
free to Prisoners

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE

INTERNATIONAL WALK ON THE BORDER FOR JUSTICE FOR LEONARD PELTIER OCTOBER 14-23, 1994





AN INTERNATIONAL SPIRITUAL DEMONSTRATION IN SUPPORT OF LEONARD PELTIER

INTERNNATIONAL RALLY FOR JUSTICE FOR LEONARD PELTIER OCTOBER 23, 1994 1:00PM PEACE PARK, US/CANADIAN BORDER

INTERNATIONAL LEONARD PELTIER SOLIDARITY WEEK OCTOBER 17-23, 1994

There will be an International Walk on the Border for Justice for Leonard Peltier by Canadian Supporters walking south and US supporters walking north with both walks meeting at Peace Park at 1:00 PM on October 23 for a joint international rally. We need walkers, organizers and people to help get the word out. This is to coincide with the International Leonard Peltier Solidarity Week. Pickets of US Federal Buildings will take place all across the country throughout the week. To get in touch with support groups nation wide for information on solidarity events or if you can help out with the Walk on the Border, please contact us.

LEONARD PELTIER SUPPORT GROUP - SPOKANE

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